

DESPERATE GERMAN ATTEMPT TO WIN DEAD MAN HILL

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

WHERE BRITISH ATHLETES WERE TO
HAVE COMPETED THIS YEAR.

f. 6. 1660



The Berlin Stadium, where the Olympic Games were to have been held this year, is being used as a training ground for soldiers. Here the starter is seen with his pistol raised, but he will not signal for a race to begin. When the shot is fired the "competitors" will hurl their bombs.

WHERE THE HUNS FEEL THE MIGHT OF THE NAVY.

f. 585



A German gun position on the Belgian coast. It is situated in front of a row of fine houses facing the sea, which in peace times afforded the residents a delightful view.

REMARKABLE HIGH DIVE
BY A HORSE.

f. 6. 49



This is part of the training of a horse in the Wild West. The animal does a high dive as gracefully as a Johansson, and will later perform the same feat with a rider on its back.

'STOP THIS FOOLERY' CRIES MR. BILLING.

Fierce Protests Against the Cabinet's "Indifference."

DUMMY AIR GUN A RUSE.

A fierce protest against the apparent indifference of the Government to the importance of an efficient air service was made by Mr. Pemberton Billing in the House of Commons last night on the motion for the adjournment.

Mr. Billing began with an inquiry as to whether any significance was to be attached to the resignation of Lord Derby and Lord Montagu from the Air Committee.

"I think I am speaking for the majority of the people of this country when I ask the Prime Minister what he proposes to do now," he rapped out.

"Does he propose to offer yet another name to the public? Does he propose to further postpone the very urgent matter of inquiring into the actual position of our air service?"

When one considers the indignity to which this country has been subjected and the dangers to which it is exposed, I think the matter should receive more attention than the mere throwing of names to the public and the making of promises which are not fulfilled.

"GRASP THE NETTLE NOW."

"So far as this Committee is concerned, I ask the Prime Minister to stop this foolery, abolish this Committee and appoint a Board with power to act and to inquire into all the allegations which I have brought against the service."

Let them grasp the nettle and get on with the question of developing our air service," he thundered.

"The Government have fooled long enough. I offered to lead an air raid against our enemies some days ago, but have heard nothing further about it."

"I protest most fiercely against the indifference of the Government and the insult they are offering to the people by the way in which they are dealing with the question."

Mr. Billing demanded a day before the Easter recess for a discussion of the whole question.

The joy bells of Berlin will not ring so loudly when it is known that the Government have determined to treat the matter seriously," he suggested.

The only occupant of the Treasury Bench was Mr. Walter Rea, a junior Whip, who pointed out that no notice had been given to any representative of the Government that the question was going to be raised; otherwise the responsible Minister would have been in his place.

DUMMY GUN EXPLAINED.

Earlier in the evening Mr. Billing put a series of questions to Mr. Tennant.

He asked the Under-Secretary for War whether on the occasion of last Sunday week's raid a Zeppelin passed twice within easy range of an anti-aircraft gun station in the eastern county.

Mr. Tennant indicated that the Army Council were sending a letter to Mr. Billing asking for further particulars of his allegation.

Replying to another question Mr. Billing, Mr. Tennant stated that if a dummy gun was erected on the roof of a foundry in an East Coast city it was with the object of deceiving the enemy and enemy scouts, and not the civil population of the city.

Mr. Billing: Will the right hon. gentleman assure the House that once this trick of war has been exposed he will refrain from— (Cries of "Order.")

Replying again to Mr. Billing, Mr. Tennant said there had been differences of opinion among the members of the Joint War Air Committee, but no friction existed. He understood that two members had resigned. (Cries of "No friction.")

SMASHING FOE'S TRADE.

The subjects which will come before the great Economic Conference of the Allies in Paris were disclosed by Lord Crewe in the House of Lords last night.

Lord Courtney declared that the approaching conference was full of peril.

It was an attempt to nurse after the war, in a sphere other than that of the battlefield, a similar enmity and antagonism to the German people, to German trade, to German commerce and to German prosperity.

The Marquis of Crewe, replying, said it was proposed that the conference should take place on some current matters arising during the war, and also on others which would have to be faced when the war was over. This included—

1. The question of a joint agreement on the subject of the prohibition of trading with the enemy.
 2. A discussion on the character of prohibited exports from this country in order to inflict as little inconvenience as possible on the Allied countries.
 3. The question of securing the economic independence of the Allies in the future.
- Our delegates to the conference, said Lord Crewe, would include Mr. Hughes, who would go as an imperial representative.
- They would receive general instructions to keep their eyes and their minds open, and they would return with the authority of the Government to any definite course of action.

DRINK REVOLUTION.

Control Board's Historic Discovery of Non-Alcoholic Stimulant.
SUCCESSFULLY TRIED ON M.P.s.

Experiments have been made for some months under the auspices of the Board of Control in the preparation of a temperance drink suitable for sale in munition areas.

At length members of the Board are satisfied that the end desired had been achieved. It is understood that about a dozen firms are prepared to produce in any quantities the new liquor, which resembles light beer in appearance and taste, but is warranted not to intoxicate.

Indeed, so close is the resemblance that a fresh problem has arisen, viz., how, if the sale of this drink is authorised in public-houses at hours when beer is prohibited, any check can be provided against the fraudulent substitution of the alcoholic original.

However, a solution of this difficulty will, no doubt, be found, and subject to this the Board is prepared to push the sale of non-intoxicating beer as much as possible.

Specimen bottles from one of the makers concerned were to be had from the refreshment department at the House of Commons yesterday, and those members held enough to make the experiment declared the drink satisfactory.

THE EMPIRE'S GAIN.

Meaning of Invitation to Mr. Hughes to Attend Paris Conference.

Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, has been invited by Mr. Asquith to attend the Paris Conference.

It is earnestly hoped that he will accept the invitation. The Prime Minister, in making it, has inaugurated a new departure in imperial policy. Hitherto not Great Britain alone, but the Oversea Dominions as well, will have to be consulted on any matter that concerns the welfare of the Empire as a whole.

If the Prime Ministers of Canada, of South Africa and New Zealand were also able to attend the conference, the general feeling of satisfaction would be immensely increased, but there may be difficulties in their coming so far.

An appeal urging the attendance of Mr. Hughes at the Paris Conference has been made by the British Women's Patriotic League. Among the signatories are the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Glanusk, Lady St. Helier and Lady Barnham, the chairman of the movement. "The women of England," declare the writers, "have a special reason for wishing to see Mr. Hughes in Paris. He is perhaps the only public man of the front rank who has given expression to his sentiments upon the sinister, treacherous, Machiavellian conspiracy by which Germany, with fair words on her lips, sought under the guise of friendly commerce to penetrate, to torpedo and to destroy the various communities under the British flag."

"BOHEMIA'S NURSE CAVELL."

The *Journal de Geneve* learns from Prague that the Austrians have initiated a reign of terror in Prague and that the population is in a state of revolt. Many of the Czech leaders, including Dr. Kvitka, were arrested last month and condemned to death, but the intervention of the Emperor the sentences were commuted to penal servitude for life.

During the month Mne. Bayerova, who has been called the Edith Cavell of Bohemia, will appear before a military tribunal at Vienna, charged with having attempted to facilitate prisoners of war. The prosecution demands the death penalty on the ground of high treason.

GINGER GROUP'S RECRUITING DAY.

Should the Prime Minister's statement on recruiting be considered unsatisfactory or delayed, the Unionist War Committee will at once place a motion on the paper and ask for a day for its discussion.

The Liberal War Committee urge the principle of compulsory military service for married men with provision for certain obligations.

In view of the early rising of the House for the Easter recess it is probable that the Prime Minister will be interrogated either to-day or to-morrow as to the exact date of his statement on the subject.

It is understood, says the Central News, that the Prime Minister will make a statement with regard to recruiting on Tuesday next.

The Liberal War Committee at the House of Commons last night passed a resolution in favour of the creation of a Ministry for the Air Service.

THE KING VISITS WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The King visited Woolwich Arsenal yesterday, attended by Captain B. Godfrey-Faussett, R.N., Lieutenant-Colonel Clive Wigram and Major R. H. Seymour.

CHILD ARTISTS.

Picture of Night Raid of Zeppelin Over a Sleeping City.

BRONZE STAR FOR CARTOONS.

The war, it seems, has penetrated even into the schoolroom.

At the present time the twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Drawing Society is being held at the Guildhall.

The object of the society is to advance the cause of natural drawing among the young. It appears to have succeeded admirably.

War supplies the subject of a very large number of these pictures.

An interesting illustration of the effect of war upon a child's mind is seen in a symbolical design from a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl.

Two angels are depicted handing up to the figure of Destiny the dead bodies of English and German soldiers. Destiny is seen weighing the bodies in her even-handed scales.

Another picture represents the night raid of a Zeppelin on a town. The sleeping city is shrouded in darkness, but a vivid searchlight serves to reveal the presence of the invading airship.

The Zeppelin is being hotly attacked, and shells are exploding about it, beneath and around her. The picture is a triumph of accurate memorisation.

Another picture—it is called "A War Talk"—which represents a teacher instructing a class of scholars in some problem of the war, is a model of skilful grouping and delicate colouring.

Of course, the war does not monopolise all these studies. There are portraits galore. There are innumerable flower and animal studies. Landscapes alternate with drawings of the interiors of churches.

Some caricatures—the work of a girl at Birchington-on-Sea—were the subject of considerable interest. The child artist has exhibited a quite extraordinary feeling for the grotesque, and the crowning of her work with the bronze star of the society is a well-deserved tribute.

MANLESS PLAYS.

Only One Actor Among Sixty-Nine Players at Sir H. Tree's Academy.

Most noticeable of all the features of a matinee at the New Theatre yesterday by the pupils of Sir Herbert Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art was the lack of men to take the male characters.

In a total of sixty-nine chief characters only one man was to be seen: The manless chorus has been followed by the manless cast.

Some caricatures were given, representing every side of the drama. Of these the most prominent dramatically was a delightful fantasy, "Paddy Pools," by Miles Mallowson.

The short green grass "was one and "The song of the rabbit" another.

The judging for the Bancroft gold medal and for the academy certificates was done by Sir Arthur Pinero, Miss Mary Moore and Mr. Dion Boucicault—a formidable trio for learners to face.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh was Mr. Knoblauch's partner in the judging of a short French play, "La Course au Mari."

Princess Grace and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein attended the annual meeting of the Rehearsal Club at St. James' Theatre yesterday.

The club, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who presided, explained, is for the use, during rehearsals, of girls who take the "smaller parts" in theatrical productions.

NO EXEMPTION FOR BUDDHIST CLERK.

That for ten years he had been a believer "in the high teaching of the Yellow Robes, Ascetics of India," was the ground on which a City Clearing House clerk asked for absolute exemption at the House of Commons Tribunal yesterday.

He had, he said, taken the vows from the teaching of a Mahatma, under whose influence he came in 1907. He had killed no animal or bird since he became a Buddhist.

Applauding said that he was sure that one of the Mahatma's principles was that it was wrong to have anything to do with military service, but he was nevertheless ordered to serve as a non-combatant.

All the appeals were dismissed.

DIED A HERO'S DEATH.

Exposing himself to give courage to his men, Lieutenant Newland, son of the Rev. F. W. Newland, superintendent of the Claremont Mission, Pentonville, paid the penalty of his bravery with his life.

A further trench had to be dug to foil the Germans, who were only a few yards away. Lieutenant Newland was in charge of the detachment of diggers, and as it was a perilous task working in the open in front of the enemy's lines he stroiled up and down in order to hear the men under his command. While doing this he was picked off by a German marksman, the bullet striking him in the head.

DANGER OF A GREAT TRAMWAY STRIKE.

Croydon Men Appeal to All London Vehicle Workers.

MANY CARS STOPPED.

London is threatened with a big tramway strike.

The Croydon Corporation tramway workers, who held a meeting early yesterday, decided to strike in sympathy with the South Metropolitan Tramway employees, and to remain out until certain demands which have long been a matter of dispute have been conceded.

Only a dozen tramway cars were running yesterday on the Croydon service between Norbury and Purley, and there was a similarly reduced service on the branch routes.

All were withdrawn at eight o'clock last night. There was no prospect of the men returning to-day. Great inconvenience will be caused to the public as these routes usually carry busy traffic throughout the day.

The Croydon Corporation Tramways Committee held a special meeting last night, but no information was available.

The management, however, believe that to-day they will be able to run more cars than the service of eighteen which was maintained yesterday. Non-unionists siding with the strikers are being treated by the union on the same terms as the members who are out.

The men pledge themselves to be loyal to the union, and agree to appeal to the vehicle workers of London generally to support them.

Throughout yesterday there was much activity among the union's officials, and Mr. Ben Smith, the organising secretary, said it was up to the



A woman conductor talking to an official of the union.

cards that all the licensed vehicle workers of London might, in a few days, be standing idle. "If the workers support the union," he said, "the dispute will be carried to its bitterest issue."

He told *The Daily Mirror* that the London United men and the men of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways may come out, and that if they did other systems would follow suit automatically.

Mr. T. Clegg, local secretary of the men's union, explained that 15 per cent. of the men have seen active service and have been discharged, and the majority of the others have attended.

"Eighteen months ago we sent in a claim for an increase of 5d. on our wages per hour, and the company has kept us all this time without giving an answer."

"We are claiming to be justly considered. We certainly do not want this strike, and we shall be only too pleased when the matter is settled. We gave the company nearly a month's notice during which we appealed for arbitration."

FOREST WEALTH OF OLDEST COLONY.

Lord Northcliffe, speaking at the Society of Arts yesterday, following an address by Sir Daniel Morris, botanist adviser to the Colonial Office, on "The Forest Resources of Newfoundland," said that when it was mentioned he (Lord Northcliffe) was attending there that day a person asked if he would not be more usefully employed in doing something for the war.

As a matter of fact, the forest wealth of Newfoundland had a very great deal to do with the war.

Quite recently one of our neutral friends had placed an embargo on the material we could get from the oldest colony we had. That was one of the reasons which caused his friends to see to it that so far as the newspapers with which he was connected were concerned they would not be dependent on any foreigners at all. In Newfoundland they had many advantages for the purposes of the manufacture of paper and many other sources of wealth which, had they been in the hands of the Germans, would have been exploited long ago.

LIBERALS TO SUPPORT SIR S. COATS.

Sir Arthur Holland, president of the Wimborne Liberal Association, who is confined to his bed by a severe illness, has written to Sir Stuart Coats stating that he will loyally observe the true entered into by the political parties.

Would an independent candidate come forward in the present Government he will give the Coalition candidate all the assistance that he can.

Friday next has been definitely fixed as nomination day.

GERMANS' CLUMSY ATTEMPT TO HIDE BRITISH SUCCESS AT ST. ELOI

Berlin's Lying Story That Our Attack Broke Down.

GAIN ON "DEAD MAN."

Germans Manage to Get a Further Footing on the Hill.

LIQUID FIRE ATTACKS.

So little do the Germans like the British success at St. Eloi that in their official communiqué yesterday they lie about it, declaring that the British attack broke down and that the positions are firmly in their hands.

TWO FIERCE VERDUN ATTACKS.

The Crown Prince has made two more furious attacks before Verdun, liquid fire being used for each onslaught.

One attack was launched against the "Dead Man," and was repulsed by the French, except to the east, where the foe gained a footing in some small portions of trenches.

The German attempt to drive the French out of the trenches our Ally had won south of Douaumont ended in a sanguinary defeat for the attackers.

GERMAN ATTACKS ON BOTH BANKS OF THE MEUSE.

Liquid Fire Used at Dead Man Hill and Near Douaumont.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

On the left bank of the Meuse the Germans yesterday, at the end of the evening, launched upon our positions at Dead Man Hill an attack accompanied by liquid fire.

The attack, which debouched from Crows' Wood, was repulsed by our curtain fire and our infantry fire, except to the east, where the enemy gained a footing in some small portions of trenches.

On the right bank the Germans attempted in the course of the night to drive us out of the trenches taken by us during these last few days south of the village of Douaumont.

Their attempt, which was likewise accompanied by sprays of liquid fire, sustained a bloody defeat.

There were some artillery rafales in the woods.

The night was calm on the rest of the front.

Aviation. This morning one of our pilots brought down a German aeroplane, which fell in our lines near Badonvillers. The two enemy airmen were killed in their fall.—Reuter.

30,000 MEN AS STORMERS.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—According to messages from Cologne, fresh concentrations of troops are reported from the Verdun front. Thirty thousand men have been assembled in the Malancourt region to storm the "Dead Man."

As the Germans consider that the bulk of their losses is caused by the famous French "75" guns, a reward is offered by the German commanders to German artillerymen for every piece they destroy.—Central News.

ENEMY'S 200,000 CASUALTIES.

PARIS, Tuesday.—According to a well-informed personage, 450,000 German troops took part in the battles of Verdun from February 1 to April 1.

The total losses killed and wounded numbered 200,000, and the 18th Corps 17,000. These enormous losses are proved by the fact that the 60th and the 19th Regiments of Infantry, which took part in the Vaux attacks, lost 60 per cent. of their effectives.

One company was entirely annihilated. The 11th Division, which attacked Avocourt, lost 50 per cent.—Exchange.

AN UNBREAKABLE WALL.

The over-night French semi-official review, received yesterday from Reuter, deals with Monday's fighting, and says:—

"The enemy's troops dashed themselves against an unbreakable wall of resistance and were everywhere made to pay a toll of bloody sacrifices."

"This result is all the more magnificent inasmuch as since February the enemy has not fought so fiercely as on April 9 and 10."

"That is all the more reason why we should look forward confidently to the victorious issue of the battle of Verdun."

HUNS LIE ABOUT BRITISH SUCCESS AT ST. ELOI.

Berlin Says "Position Is Firmly in Our Hands."

The Germans do not like the British success at St. Eloi, and they like it so little that they lie in their communiqué.

Here is that part of yesterday's German communiqué relating to the British success:—

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—The English, after intensified fire by their artillery, made a strong hand grenade attack last night on our positions south of St. Eloi.

This attack broke down before the mine craters occupied by us. The position is firmly in our hands over its whole extent.—Wireless Press.

The British official news with regard to the St. Eloi crater was as follows:—
GENERAL REINHARDT'S advance, Monday, 9.52 p.m.—Last night at St. Eloi our troops attacked and captured the mine crater remaining in the German hands, and by a further attack succeeded in establishing themselves in the German trenches running south-west from the above crater.

FOE DECLARES THE FRENCH DAMAGED THEMSELVES.

Germans Claim That Our Ally's Counter-Attacks Broke Down.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—German Main Headquarters reports as follows:—

In the Argonne, near the Fille Mort, and further east, near Vauquois, the French, who caused several mine explosions, only succeeded in inflicting damage upon themselves.

Fighting proceeded with great vigour throughout the whole of yesterday in the regions on both sides of the Meuse.

Counter-attacks directed by the French against the positions captured by us to the south of the Forges Rivulet, between Haucourt and Behincourt, broke down, with severe loss to the enemy.

The number of unwounded prisoners taken here has increased from twenty-two officers and 549 men to thirty-six officers and 1,231 men, and the booty taken to two cannons and twenty-two machine guns.

Two hundred and twenty-two prisoners and one machine gun were brought in as the result of further captures amongst the blockhouses south of the Haven's Forest.

Counter-attacks from the direction of Chatancourt were checked by our effective flanking fire from the eastern bank.

On the right of the Meuse the enemy attempted in vain to recapture the ground he had lost on the south-western edge of the Poivre ridge.

South-west of Fort Douaumont the enemy was compelled to relinquish further defensive positions, from which we brought back some few dozen prisoners and three machine guns.

Two enemy aeroplanes were brought down south-east of Ypres by means of our anti-aircraft guns.—Wireless Press.

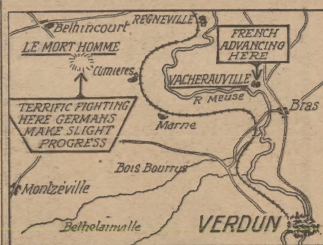
SPY SENTENCED TO DEATH AND EXECUTED.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Tuesday, 4.25 p.m.—The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

A prisoner who was charged with espionage was tried by court-martial at Westminster Guildhall on March 29 and the following day, was found guilty and sentenced to death.

The sentence was duly confirmed and was carried out this morning.



SPAIN FALLS A VICTIM TO MAD-DOG PIRACY.

U Boat Torpedoes Bilbao Steamer—Four Sailors Drowned.

MADRID, Monday.—A telegram from Bilbao states: The owners of the 4,000-ton Spanish steamer Santanderino, of this port, bound from Liverpool to Havana with a general cargo, have received official news that the vessel has been torpedoed by a German submarine.

Fifteen minutes were given to abandon the ship. Four of the crew were drowned.—Reuter.

MADRID, Tuesday.—The sinking of the Santanderino has produced a very bad impression in the Press here.—Reuter.

NICE, Monday.—The British steamer Livonia, which arrived here to-day, has on board the crew of nine men of the French sailing vessel St. Hubert, which was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Atlantic on March 31.—Reuter.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—The Danish Consul at Cagliari cables that the Danish steamer Stuernebor was torpedoed on the afternoon of April 5 by an Austrian submarine, which gave the crew fifteen minutes to leave the steamer.

The Norwegian Consul at Havre cables to his Government that the Norwegian steamer Bais was torpedoed near the lights at Cap La Sude.

The ship sank at once. The crew leapt into the water, and were saved by a French fishing boat.—Exchange.

TRIBES GIVE SHEEP AND GOATS TO AID TROOPS.

East African Chiefs' Help in the War of Utmost Value.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has received dispatches from the Governor of the East Africa Protectorate reporting that since the outbreak of the war a number of valuable gifts of cattle and sheep have been presented to the Government for the use of the troops in East Africa by the Masai and other native tribes of the Protectorate.

Among these gifts, some of which have already been made public, are included the following:—

3,000 goats presented by the Kavirondo Chiefs of the Kisumu district.
30 bullocks presented by the Masai Moran of the Matapoti clan, and 50 bullocks by other Masai.

Over 150 bullocks and 250 sheep presented by Sendu, the Chief Lihon of the Loita Masai.

21 bullocks presented by Masikondo.

These gifts have been quite spontaneously offered by the tribes concerned. The Governor has reported that the loyalty of the Masai during the war and their willingness to assist the Government in any capacity are worthy of the highest commendation and have been the means of facilitating the military operations in the country near the German border where those tribes are settled.

MORE AIR CHARGES BY MR. BILLING.

War Council to Inquire Into East Coast Allegation.

DUMMY GUN EXPLAINED.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, the airman M.P., was busy in the House of Commons yesterday at question time.

He asked the Under-Secretary for War whether on the occasion of last Sunday week's raid a Zeppelin passed twice within easy range of an anti-aircraft gun station in an eastern county.

If so, Mr. Billing wanted to know, why was the gun not fired, and why no official warning was given to the officer in command.

Mr. Tennant indicated that the Army Council were sending a letter to Mr. Billing asking for further particulars of his allegation.

Replying to another question from Mr. Billing, Mr. Tennant stated that if a dummy gun was erected on the roof of a foundry in an East Coast city it was with the object of deceiving the enemy and enemy air scouts, and not the civil population of the city.

Replying again to Mr. Billing, Mr. Tennant said there had been differences of opinion among the members of the Joint War Air Committee, but no friction existed.

THE AMUSEMENTS TAX.

The Amusements Tax occupied attention yesterday at a meeting of London theatrical managers. Two resolutions were passed.

The first agreed that the machinery suggested by the Finance Bill for the collection of the tax was impracticable, and the second was to the effect that the tax must be passed on to the public, the advertised price of admission not to include the amount of the tax, which should be stated separately.

Mr. Asquith, replying to Mr. Brookes, said it would not be desirable to make a detailed statement as to the various matters that came under discussion at the Paris conference, beyond what was stated in the Press.

The general results of the conference were the reaffirmation of the entire solidarity of the Allies, the establishment of the identity of their views and the ensuring of unity of action between them in the prosecution of the war.

His visit to Italy was signalled by a manifestation of the traditional friendship which existed between the two nations and which had been accentuated by their brotherhood in arms.

"FULL OF PERIL."

Lord Courtney, in the House of Lords, called attention to the forthcoming conference of the Allies on the proposed trade regulations between them after the war, and announced that of the invitations addressed to the Government, the replies and the instructions given to the representatives of the Government appointed to attend the conference.

The approaching conference was full of peril, Lord Courtney declared.

It was an attempt to pursue after the war, in a sphere other than that of the battlefield, a similar enmity and antagonism against the German people, to German trade, to German commerce and to German prosperity.

ALLIES' NEW NAVAL BASE ON GREEK ISLAND.

Premier Protests and British Minister Sees King Constantine.

ATHENS, Monday.—The British and French Ministers visited the Greek Premier this morning and announced the intention of their Governments to land forces in Cephalonia, especially at the harbour of Argostoli.

Assurances were given that Greek sovereign rights would be respected.

In their communication the British and French Ministers informed the Greek Premier that imperious needs impelled their Governments to close the harbour of Argostoli.

They added that measures would be taken to ensure the continuance of traffic in the harbour with the least difficulties possible.

The Premier took up a very firm attitude and announced in energetic terms that Greece could but protest against this fresh infringement of Greek sovereignty. An animated conversation followed.

Sir Francis Eliot, the British Minister, had an audience of the King this morning.

The British and French Legations afterwards published a communiqué stating that the establishment of a naval base at Argostoli is a purely defensive measure.

The Allies' action, it is added, has not the character of an occupation, and has been represented by certain journals.—Reuter.

[Cephalonia is one of the largest of the Ionian Islands belonging to Greece, and is a few miles west of the mainland. Argostoli, the capital of the island, has an excellent port.]



Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, with his wife and baby daughter. He has been recuperating from his illness in Kent.



Louise of "LUVISCA" Speaks—

"All you who have laboured under the problem of dressing attractively on a circumscribed income—I've a message of real gladness for you.

"Know you all, then, that 'Luvisca' is a fabric with all the beauties of silk and with none of its drawbacks. That it costs less than silk costs—wears better and longer, and can be washed and washed, practically without limit—and will always retain its glorious lustre of surface, for all the world like the finest silk.

"The secret? Of course there's a secret! But it's an open one. The groundwork of 'LUVISCA' is a stout cotton warp. The wool is of a fine, gleaming artificial silk. The one gives strength. The other gives lustre—and such a lustre! A lustre that lasts—as I have said—wipes of washings unimpaired.

"Take my advice get a 'Luvisca' Blouse

—ready-made if you like. You can see all sorts of beautiful models at your own Drapers. Make sure it is a 'Luvisca.' Look for the neck-tab!

"Luvisca"
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

Or you can buy the material by the yard

You can tell
the genuine
"LUVISCA"
by seeing the
swoosh stamp.

"Luvisca"

"Get a 'LUVISCA' Blouse and it will radiate all the charm that a real silk blouse can communicate. And you will be well in pocket, knowing that you can *always* wash 'LUVISCA' and render it as new again. So you needn't worry about dirtying it too soon. We 'LUVISCA' girls wear 'LUVISCA' Blouses that give all the effects of silk, in business—in the home—everywhere! It's worth while seeing the wonderful range of pretty patterns and colour-combinations. Ask your Draper next time—and live to thank

Louise
of "Luvisca."

P.S.—In case of any difficulty in obtaining 'LUVISCA,' either by the yard or in garments, please write the manufacturers—COURTAULDS Ltd., 18, Aldermanbury, London, E.C. They will gladly send you name of nearest Retailer with an illustrated Booklet giving particulars of the many characteristics of genuine 'LUVISCA.'

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum and a small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—(Advt.)

A MILITARY LAUNDRY IN BELGIUM.



Folding the clean linen at a laundry which the Huns have seized.

WORK FOR WOUNDED.



Mrs. Despard, awarded the French War Cross for her Red Cross work at Salonika. General Sarrail decorated her.—(Swaine.)



Miss R. N. Howard, who, with her two sisters, has not missed a single day's work at the British Red Cross Central Workrooms.

A BLIND CYCLIST.



With the help of their nurses, blind Belgian soldiers at Cholmondeley, Cheshire, are able to ride bicycles in the grounds.

TALES OF THE WAR.



Wounded soldiers in the park telling a nurse about their adventures at the front.

CARDIFF'S MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN SCOTT.



Dr. R. J. Smith, Lord Mayor of Cardiff, wearing his robes, and General Sir Francis Lloyd at the City Hall. They are standing near the mural tablet to Captain Scott which was unveiled by the General.



Use it daily and look your best

Every day is the day for Icilma Cream. Every girl is the girl who needs it. Icilma Cream brings out the natural beauty of the skin—higher praise one cannot bestow. Give this famous fragrant and non-greasy toilet preparation the place of honour on the dressing-table—the *only* toilet cream containing Icilma Natural Water.

Icilma Cream

(Guaranteed not to grow Hair).

As usual, 1/- and 1/9 everywhere.
Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

FREE. Send postcard for new 6d. box of 250 Toilet Hints and Beauty Treatments. Shows what to use—what to avoid—how to save money. Address, Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 37, 39, 47, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

How to "Shed" A Bad Complexion.

It's foolish to attempt to cover up or hide a sallow complexion when you can so easily remove the sallowness, or the complexion itself. Rouge and the like on a brownish skin only emphasise the defect. The better way is to apply pure mercolized wax—the same as you would cold cream—putting it on at night, removing it in the morning with warm water and soap, following with a dash of cold water. The effect of a few applications is simply marvellous. The half-dead cuticle is absorbed by the wax—painlessly, gradually, in tiny imperceptible particles—revealing the beautiful velvety white new skin beneath.

No woman need have a sallow, blotchy, pimply or freckled complexion if she will just go to the chemist's, get some good mercolized wax and use as suggested.—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1916.

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

ONE is very glad to see that an admirable old man, Sir William Crookes, has been telling the world how to live long and happily. *Prêcher d'exemple*—to preach by one's actual presence among the living at eighty-four: that is the main thing. Only secondary is the matter of one's discourse thereupon—the causes to which one attributes one's longevity.

As to these, we have been told by some old men, whom we greatly respect, that they account for their old age by the fact that they went to bed early all their lives. "Never after eleven, except on New Year's Eve," said one. Another depressed us still more by announcing that he went to bed always at half-past nine. Curfew time is the time for retirement. One disappears at dusk with the birds, and gets up with the birds at dawn.

This advice made us feel miserably giddy. It is so pleasant to sit up late! It is so calm and quiet after everybody else has gone to bed! It is the only time for true peace. It is the only time for the telephone to stop ringing—unless some wretched rings up by mistake supposing your house to be a garage. The midnight oil has been killed by electricity, but the midnight habit persists. Charles Lamb always praised the sun in pitch darkness. "Betty, bring the candles." (Servants were called "Betty" in those days.) We confess that being told to retire early in order to live long made us provisionally decide to live less long and to retire rather late.

All the more delight, then, was there in reading Sir William Crookes' views on this point:

"Until a few years ago I always sat up working late. All the best work of my life has been done and most of my discoveries have been made after eleven at night. I still work until after eleven in my laboratory and then go to my study and write until twelve."

Marvot! And he is eighty-four!

There, are then, two sorts of fine old men—those who live long by sitting up late, and those who live long by going to bed early. We prefer to belong to the first class.

But Sir William Crookes is not always so indulgent. He allows late hours, but he insists upon marriage. He says: "Marry young" or die young—in effect.

We know a young bachelor who received just the opposite advice.

"My boy," said an octogenarian, whose name we are not allowed to give, "never marry if you want to live long. It ages a man more than anything. Wife, children, cares, hostages to fortune—you know. Or at least you don't know. But I do. Take my advice. Think it over. Marry, if you must marry, late."

That from a man who had been married twice.

Which is the young man to believe?

Before the war, he believed the first octogenarian. He was never going to marry. Latterly, however, we heard from him that he is engaged—"going out again soon to the front." "I believe in early marriage," he added. Sir William Crookes confirms him.

Unfortunately he is so young that few of us will be able to see whether his marrying young will help him to reach eighty. And if he does some of us will merely say: "Oh, it wasn't that—it wasn't his marriage. It was sitting up late did it."

These bachelors will not be convinced!

"PORTERS OF THE SEA" AND THEIR WORK

ILL-PAID OFFICERS OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

OFFICERS of the merchant service seem to have a grievance. While the wages of nearly all war workers have been bounding up, theirs have remained almost stationary in spite of all the added labour and anxiety.

I have been talking with a skipper who made sixteen voyages between America and England during the last twelve months of war.

In the neighbourhood of the Channel he had to be on the bridge all day and night, with every nerve on edge, and all his officers and crew were on tenterhooks, straining their eyes and ears for the submarines.

Yet his pay is only £20 a month, whereas a Danish captain told me he made £12 a month

to adopt as his national anthem. The mentality of these captains is complex, like that of other big children.

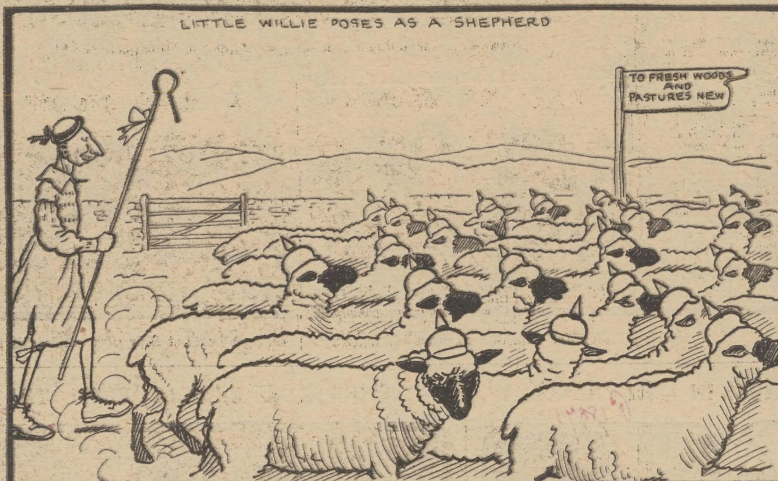
They are full of fun and ever ready for a carouse on shore. They have very decided views about religion and politics and propriety. For instance, when I invited one of them to lunch at my lodgings, he objected to be seen in my company if I persisted in carrying his wine through the streets of Portoferraio. Another suddenly said he would like to take off his coat and fight me over the dinner-table because I trod on one of his pet corns, whereas yet another immediately drank my health under similar circumstances.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

Another raised a problem with which I have puzzled many people since.

His ship was sunk. He and his crew were taken prisoners and treated like dogs—or rather worse than dogs—with nothing to eat but mouldy black bread and thin coffee for weeks. Water was very scarce and washing was not to be dreamed of. Then they were all landed in America, but only on giving their paroles not

LITTLE WILLIE BEFORE VERDUN.



BUT IF HIS SHEEP WERE A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT, THEY MIGHT BE DISILLUSIONED



He continues to be easily first in the numbers he has slain. Unfortunately for the Germans the slain are on his own side!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and 3 per cent. on the earnings, which have now become prodigious.

For instance, on the recent voyage from Liverpool to Italy, he cleared £120, in addition to his pay, and he makes six or seven voyages a year. Why should all the enormous profits of present coal freights go to the owners?

These captains are simple, friendly folk, eager to welcome you to their cabins, to show you photographs of wife and children and to offer British hospitality. They read a good deal, in a desultory way—weekly papers and novels of the Victorian period and sentimental poetry. One of them was for ever fumbling in his pocket-book at odd moments and producing some verses out of a newspaper about the merchant service. "The Porters of the Sea"—a phrase over which he loved to linger. Tears stood in his eyes as, with a wee Scottish accent, he rolled out the rhymes which set forth the unrequited labours of the porters of the sea, their high services for England, the obscurity of their heroism. There was a rattling chorus—"Rolling home, rolling home"—that a toper of our acquaintance vowed

to serve against Germany during the war. The captain had scarcely given his parole when he sailed for England and volunteered for the British Navy.

I confess I looked upon him as mistaken when he told me this thing. Of course, many men think they are doing right when they are breaking the moral law, and this captain was one of the straightest and most honourable men I have met.

Was he right? I have put this question to a dozen people, both English and Italian, and they all say "Perfectly right. He was no more bound than if he had pledged his word to a pirate." I appealed to a Danish captain, who replied without a moment's hesitation: "I should have done the same thing myself." But I cling to my belief that an Englishman's word is his bond, whatever outrages the enemy may have committed. And this is evidently the view of the Admiralty, for he was informed that he could not be accepted for the Navy as he had given his

WOMEN LEFT BEHIND.

THOUGHTS OF SOME OF THOSE WHOSE HUSBANDS HAVE BEEN CALLED UP.

NOT FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.

TRULY the Government have not devised the Military Service Act as a means of providing convenient legal separations between husbands and wives who don't get on!

The object of the Act is to get men for the Army—not to get rid of husbands for wives who want holidays from them. P. D. Kensington Court, W.

CHEERFUL SACRIFICE.

IT is well to be cheerful over the loss or departure of one's husband, but I cannot feel so resigned as your stoical correspondent "Muriel Lee."

However cheerful one may be, cheerfulness does not pay bills. Let me have to add that all sacrifices ought gladly to be consented to at a time like this. But to deny that they are sacrifices is absurd. THREE YEARS MARIED, Golders Green.

SHE MIGHT HELP.

"PERPLEXED" asks: When a man is wrestling with a feroocious bull, what help to him is a wife with an infant in her arms?

I would suggest that she could run for the police and bring up reinforcements at the most critical moment. L.S.

THE NEW TAXES.

I WONDER if I have ever struck the Government how unfair the proposed railway tax will be to people who work in London, but whose homes are far away.

My home is in the very north of Scotland, and by dint of hard saving I just manage to afford to visit my aged parents once a year; but now, in conjunction with their increased cost of living and the imperative need of rest and change in consequence of longer hours of office work, I have proposed to increase my railway fare by a tax of well over 10s.

I am not disloyal (I have three brothers fighting for the country), and I do not grudge giving "my little bit," but why not impose a "flat" tax of 2s. on third-class long-distance fares, the same as for journeys abroad?

There is always a great deal of talk about spending holidays in the British Isles, seeing the beauties of our own country, and yet the tax for going abroad is only 2s, while travelling to Scotland is made absolutely prohibitive.

LONDON SCOT.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 11.—The garden should always contain plenty of poppies during the summer months. Some of the most beautiful are the Iceland varieties (papaver nudicaule); these are always in great request for cutting. With their dainty flowers (orange, yellow and white in many delicate shades), they are valuable plants for setting in the rockery or for massing in sunny beds.

E. F. T.

parole. How they knew, the captain cannot explain. Perhaps through the United States or some other neutral.

An odd thing about tramp captains is that they all want me as a passenger. During the last few weeks I have had offers to go to Algiers and Liverpool and Gibraltar for about five shillings a day, all found. Or I could have become a mess-boy with wages of 25 10s. a month.

O THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE. . . .

O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again! . . .

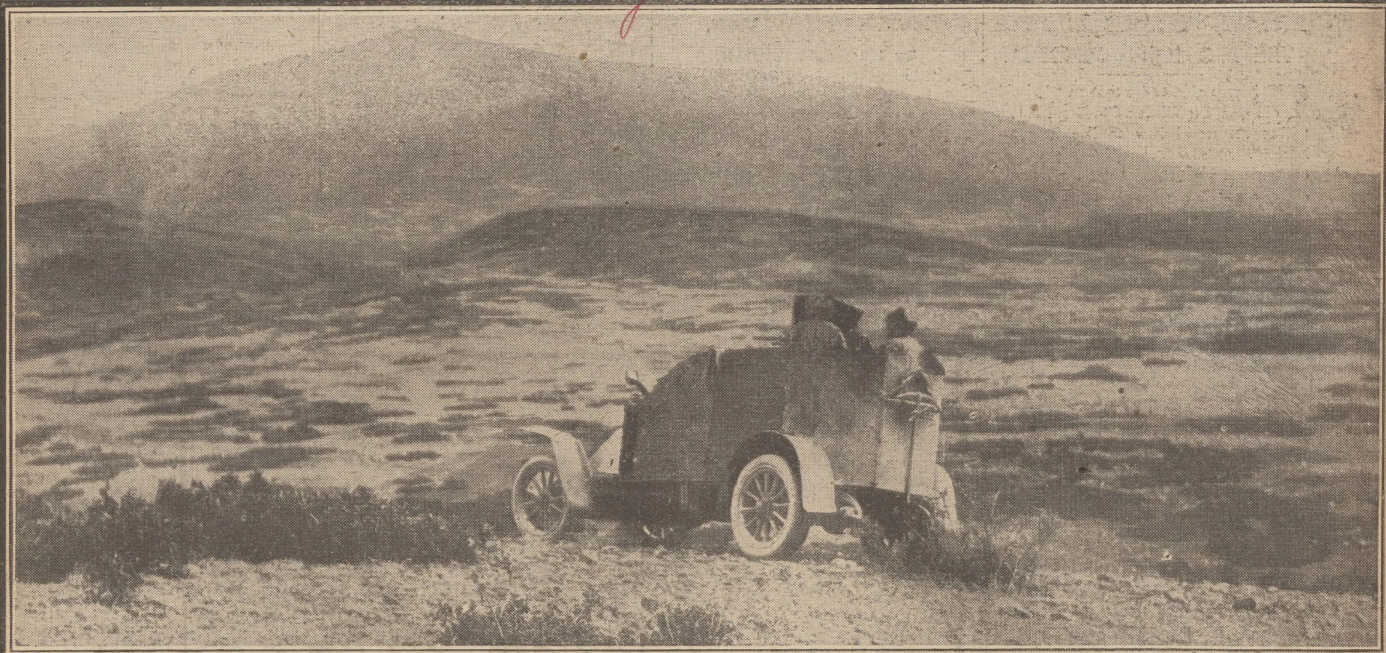
A shadow flits before me, Not thou, but like to thee thou dost look. Ah, Christ! that it were possible For one short hour to see The souls we loved, that they might tell us What and where they be!

—TENTHROAT.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Oh, that my lot might lead me in the path of holy purity of thought and deed, the path which ancient laws ordain—laws which in the highest heaven had their birth! The power of God is mighty in them and does not wax old—Sophocles.

OVER ROUGH COUNTRY IN PURSUIT OF FLEEING BANDITS.

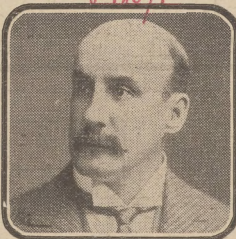


A striking photograph of a French armoured motor-car pursuing a band of Bulgarian comitadjis near the Greek frontier.

MEN WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.

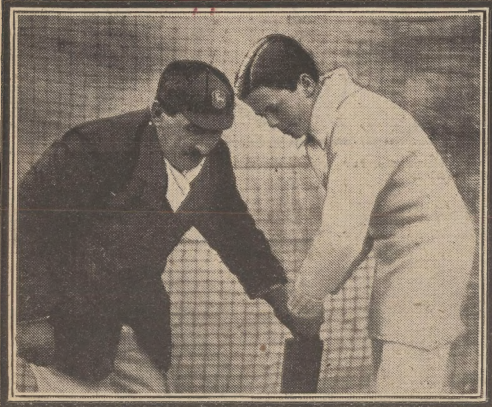


Maxime Gorky, the celebrated Russian novelist, who is seriously ill. He has lived a more varied life than probably any other literary man in Europe.



Lord Hawke, the famous cricketer, who is to be married before long to Mrs. Arthur Cross. He was formerly captain of the Yorkshire eleven.

NETS FOR BOYS ONLY AT LORD'S.



There will be no first-class cricket at Lord's this year, but the Easter classes for members' sons are being held as usual, and began yesterday. The photograph shows the Hon. William Brownlow, Lord Lurgan's eldest son, receiving instruction at the nets.

QUITE A CHANGE FROM THE MONOTONY OF SEA WAR.



British bluejackets enjoy a ride amid charming scenery. It is a treat to them to get on land.

ALLIES IN THE BALKANS.



Generals Sarraïl and Mahon examining a gun in the Balkans. They are the two centre figures.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

"TOMMY'S" TUBBING DAY.



British soldiers having their baths. An official photograph issued by the Press Bureau. It was taken in the Balkans.

SUMMER DRESS.

On board.



of ruffles in the skirt and the simple
the fichu collar are both new features.

SUBMARINE OUTRAGE.



s towing the Dutch steamer Eendyk
after she had been torpedoed in the
Channel.

NOT WATER.



anny, a Viennese
has got into trouble
authorities for lectur-
the war's horrors.

HOW AN ESSEX VILLAGE WAS SAVED FROM RUIN.

294 B.



Grandfather and granddaughter making horse rugs out of doors. Men take away work on their bages and return with it completed.

294 B.



A bluejacket chats with an old salt about his new job.

294 B.

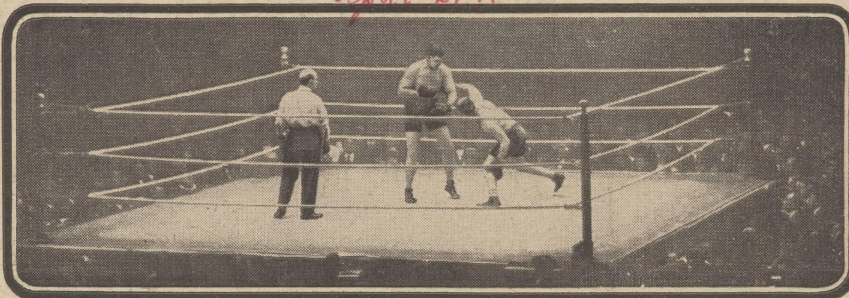


Building extension to factory. The firm employs 800 persons.

Burnham-on-Crouch, which depended on yachting men, was faced by ruin as a result of the war until Lieutenant Reginald Tyrell, of the
Guards, and Mr. Warwick Brookes, M.P., opened a factory. Now everyone is making various useful articles, and prosperity has come to
the little place. Indeed, the factory has had to be enlarged.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WILLARD PROVES TOO GOOD FOR MORAN.

294 B.



Willard side-stepping a right swing from Moran in the ten-round contest at Madison-square Garden, New York.
Willard won on points, Moran being outclassed.

AWARDED D.S.C.

18871



Lieutenant C. E. Hudson, decorated for what he tersely describes as "strafing the Germans in the North Sea."

LITTLE NOTES ON "GENERAL" HISTORY.

No. 4.—CROYDON AND THE OMNIBUS.

The Omnibus gave Croydon its first road service to Town. In 1866 the "General" Company worked horse omnibuses between this Surrey town and Oxford Circus. They were known as the "Croydon Greens," from their colour and the inscription on the side panels. The route taken was that followed by the Motor-Bus to-day—Streatham, Brixton, Kennington, and Westminster Bridge—and the southern portion then lay along hedge-lined highways, with cornfields and pasture-lands on either hand. In the seventies tramways were laid down on part of the route in South London, the horses which hauled the cars being hired from the "General" Company. To-day the "General" Bus, as of old, provides the only direct means of locomotion between Croydon and the West End.

SOME JOURNEY TIMES AND FARES, TO-DAY AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

	1916		1866	
	Min.	Fare.	Min.	Fare.
Oxford Circus and	82	6d.	120	1s.
Croydon, ...	34	3d.	50	6d.
Brixton, ...	12	1½d.	17	3d.
Westminster Bridge				

ROUTE 59, CROYDON AND OXFORD CIRCUS.



The London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.,
Electric Railway House,
Broadway, Westminster, S.W.



MARCHING POWER

Soldiers in training, as well as those on active service, require all the "marching power" they are capable of, and nothing helps a soldier to stand the strain of a long fatiguing march so well as

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM.

The delicious mint-flavoured confection keeps the soldier fit and well—sustains him—keeps him "on the go"—and prevents thirst. It is the **only** indulgence that is suited to heavy marching. Do **your** soldier boy a good turn, and send him some Wrigley's **SPEARMINT** in all your parcels and letters. He is sure to appreciate it.

5 bars 2½d. 40 bars 1/6.

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners, and all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, in 5d. bars—5 bars 2½d. Marmoth box of 40 bars for 1/6. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to—

WRIGLEY'S LTD., 8, LAMBETH PALACE RD., S.E.

You Can Play the Piano To-day

By Naunton's National Music System.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with your music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

OVER 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly
If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect Naunton National Music System, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

READ WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

From a Composer: "I think it is easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole system: "I had tried to learn under music masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Eddie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you say."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

TO THE MANAGER,

NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of the "Daily Mirror," and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING, in return for which please send me your "SPECIAL No. 1," published at 2s., containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.

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ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK
ALLERTON

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE,

Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man of the world, and is responsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris. She arranges to dine with him and some of her friends.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventional ways.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing check for £50. "Lucy" is really a young waster named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Rosalie's friends who Wynne is going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. Wynne asks her if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says "Yes." After waiting at the station, learns that Wynne is ill. She returns home, and finds that the letter telling her husband she was going away has gone. She is so late.

Hugh Grieve gets into further trouble with Lucien. He also finds the letter and disappears. Rosalie hears that "Lucy" has been to London, and goes to Paris, whither he has flown, to try and make him return the money he has obtained by false pretences.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

THE girls were met at four o'clock that afternoon by Frank Bettison, who took them to the Café du Soleil to tea. There was no reason why they should have gone to the Café du Soleil, save that the Atelier Villefort had always gone to the Café du Soleil.

It was practically impossible when they arrived, for the hour of the apéritif was not yet, and their order for tea had to be repeated twice. After considerable delay an anemic beverage with the chill off was placed before them.

"We ought to have remembered," she said, "one can't get decent tea in the Quartier." "Never mind the tea," interposed Frank. "I've seen Bronson. Bronson is the newspaper man here who told Wynne about Lucien."

Immediately the grievance of the tea drinkers was forgotten.

"What had he to tell you?" "He told me that Lucien Banks is still in Paris—very much in Paris," began Frank Bettison. "He seems to have set himself the delirious task of setting the town on fire. Bronson ran across him last night—in a rather disreputable establishment not a hundred yards from the Opera. He was playing roulette there with a party—principally Americans. He was winning, too."

Frank paused, and went on: "It is reported that he has come into a lot of money. Bronson has heard the amount estimated at sums varying from a ten pound note to a quarter of a million. Anyhow, he seems to have lots to throw around."

"How wicked!" exclaimed Dora. "True. And our job is to prevent this wickedness. We must do that by diverting Lucien's available cash to the payment of his legal debts."

"Do you think that is possible?" asked Rosalie. "In view of what you have heard about Lucien to-day, I mean."

"Possible? Oh, yes, possible. But," and Bettison looked grave, "I fear that he is a harder case than I took him to be. I imagined him to be a weak, easily led, careless sort of fellow, whose better nature might be appealed to. I'm now afraid that that better nature will take some finding. A fellow who, from all accounts, gambles nightly with a pretty tough brigade and manages invariably to make money is no fool. And if Lucien is not a fool, he is worse."

"Because we have discovered that Lucien presents a bit of proposition, I mean, as to why we should fail," he said. "At any rate, by to-morrow we ought to have made a beginning."

"By to-morrow? Why not to-day?" cried Rosalie.

"Bronson said that he overheard Lucien say that he was going to Longchamps to-day. He's still at the Continental, though, and we'll look him up to-morrow."

With that Rosalie had to be content, but the delay was an intolerable waste of time, and she would have preferred journeying to Longchamps to putting off time in the Café du Soleil.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

The café was scarcely suggestive of careless mirth, of free flow of badinage. One would not suspect it of being one of the retreats of art. Trust it was yet early in the day, and art is not often at home until darkness has fallen.

Just as she was reassuring herself on the ground that she had been fond of the café in the old days because it had meant good company, congenial friends, there entered a group of students.

From the point of view of the reputation of the Café du Soleil as a place in which to spend a cheerful hour, it was an unfortunate group of students. They might have been returning from the funeral of an irreplaceable model, so lugubrious their expressions, so melancholy their downcast eyes.

Rosalie caught herself regarding the students, with their beards and their untidy scarves, and their exaggerated hats and their syrups, with proper insular disapproval.

Suddenly she laughed. "How I've grown out of all this!" she confessed. "I know you'll be shocked, all of you, but I couldn't come back to this. That sounds horrid and ungrateful, but you understand, don't you? Please say you do!"

Frank Bettison glanced rather nervously at his sister and Madge. Then he moistened his lips.

"We had just come to the conclusion—Madge, Dora and myself," he said, "that Papa Pierre's isn't what it used to be. In fact, I'm inclined to think we're in the wrong part of the town. Bronson was telling me of a nice flat off one of the Grands Boulevards. We are going to look at it."

He broke-off in amazement, for Rosalie had burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

LUCIEN IS FOUND.

OBJECTION was raised by none of the quartette when the suggestion was made that they should dine at a big restaurant near the Opera.

"We shan't tell papa," laughed Frank. "He would be horrified. It won't be an easy job breaking the news to him, but we are not going to stay on at his place. I don't like hurting the chap's feelings."

"It would serve him right," said Madge. "He ought to purchase a broom—and use it."

One need not go to Paris to find a café similar to the one of their choice. If one entered without noticing the tables and chairs outside, where Parisians of other sips sitting their apéritifs and appreciably watching the passers-by, there was nothing within to thrill the Londoner's heart with an unworsted sense of a gay life.

They enjoyed a very excellent and well-served dinner, and afterwards they went to one of the tables outside to drink their coffee.

Paris was waking up. Big automobiles were rolling down the Avenue de l'Opéra. Well-fed and contented Parisians were escorting their ladies to music-hall or theatre. Those to whom the Boulevards are an inevitable and weary distraction night after night sauntered on their way. Rosalie watched the kaleidoscopic scene and thought of Hugh. She could have enjoyed herself now if only Hugh were with her.

"I telephoned to Michel this afternoon," said Frank Bettison. "He was out, and I left word that we should be dining here and asked him to join us. I suppose he had another engagement."

But, even as he spoke, Michel appeared.

To Rosalie, Michel represented the last straw. Michel in an opera hat! Michel in an overcoat of obviously London cut that did not conceal his elegant evening suit! Michel—Michel, whose flowing beard had been the envy of the Quartier—Michel clean-shaven!

Only by his voice could she have recognised him. He might have been an Englishman had he not been unashamed of his delight at meeting his friends.

"This is the greatest pleasure of my life," he cried. "I did not expect you in Paris so soon. I could not join you at dinner, but as soon as I was free I rushed here, fearing I should be too late. I am indeed fortunate. Mon vieux, you grow younger and more robust every day. And the ladies—eh bien, Paris is herself again."

Frank was scrutinising him, not altogether with approval. "What's the matter with you," he said. "You've shaved off your beard."

"Nor have your eyes grown older, cher ami," was the reply.

"But, why?" Michel shrugged his shoulders. "To tell you the matter would be to tell the history of the past three—four—five—years. You do not approve, hein?"

"Well, you don't look the same man to me." "I am not the same man. A little more worn, a little dustier with the dross of art, a great deal more disillusioned—but still your very devoted friend. And you have gone back to dear old Pierre's? How you will fight your battles over again!"

Bettison stirred uncomfortably.

"We are at Pierre's for the present. I dare say we shall stay there a week or so. But," he fell to stirring his coffee, "we've been thinking that it would be more convenient if we lived on this side. There's a flat quite near here—"

Michel laughed.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed. "Pierre's is full of ghosts—happy ghosts, no doubt, but nevertheless ghosts. And ghosts are not good to live with. It is well to begin again. He was met by Rosalie's troubled gaze. "You do not believe me, no?"

"I am quite sure you are right," she replied. "I was only thinking how foolish I was to believe that I alone had made that discovery."

And when did you make the discovery?"

"To-day."

"So! And you are disappointed?"

"No. On the contrary, I am very glad."

"I have heard of the cause of your visit," Michel went on. "Alan Wynne told me in a letter. I was sorry to have been of no use to our friend and to you, but he got the news he wanted from Bronson. What a very wicked young man this Lucien Banks must be! You are searching for him here, while your husband searches in England. Is that it?"

Rosalie flushed and hesitated. Madge came quickly to her rescue.

"What are you working at just now, Michel?" she asked.

"Just now I am painting a portrait of the wife of the Minister of the Interior. It is such very hard work painting the portrait of the wife of the Minister of the Interior! When that is done I shall paint the portraits of her two boys. Heaven grant that they may grow up to be good men, for they will never be good-looking."

"I suppose you get well paid for it," said Bettison bluntly.

But of course. Otherwise I should not torture my soul."

"I don't believe," said Madge, "that your soul is so easily tortured as you try to make out."

Michel laughed merrily.

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "And even that torture is compensated by my peace of mind. I have no longer any need to court my creditors."

He went on talking, airily, flippantly. Rosalie listened in silence. Not a shred seemed left of the life or its personalities of which for months she had thought with such longing and so vainly. She knew now that the life that had seemed so attractive once would be intolerable now. She had changed just as much as Michel. What she craved for now was that which had seemed so irksome. She wanted to get back to her well-ordered life. She wanted to get back to Hugh.

She was able to see things now through the eyes of Hugh, to realise his attitude towards the life with which even she had now no sympathy. Bitterly she blamed herself for asserting what she had called her right to an independent life. There could be no independent life where love was. . . . She wanted to get back to tell Hugh she was sorry.

Michel's proposal of a visit to a music-hall was declined on the score that they were all too tired.

"In fact," said Frank, "I think we ought to be getting back at once. To-morrow night if nothing happens—why, what's the matter, Rosalie?"

Rosalie had caught his arm, and was pressing it in a grip like a vice. He followed her gaze, and saw that she was watching a young man in evening dress, with a handsome, boyish face. As he turned to give an order to a waiter the light of the café fell full on his features.

"Lucien!" she gasped.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.



In a wood near Fort Vaux. French scouts are seen creeping forward among the shell-torn trees to watch the enemy.—(Illustrated London News.)

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT.



I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36lb. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two 1d. stamps to pay postage.—W. Grace Harcourt, Dept. 1078, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

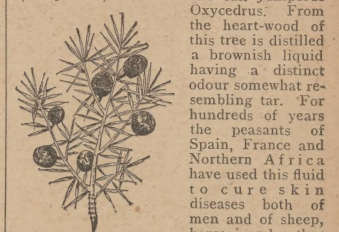
Your Eye Trouble And a Famous Old Remedy.



Do you know that Singleton's Eye Ointment has been curing troubles of eyes, eyelids and eyelashes from 1896 until today? Do you realise that it cures inflammation, styes, ulcers, colds and watery eyes, and cures them after applying only a few drops of the ointment? It is the only ointment that has been used by British soldiers in the trenches for more than 20 years. It has a history for 320 years in illustrated handbooks. "How to Preserve our Eyesight." Singleton's Eye Ointment is supplied by all chemists, in ancient patent pots, for 2/6, but is also sold in the "Daily Mirror," direct, 2/6. To obtain book free mention "Daily Mirror," and send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London.

A REMARKABLE TREE. The Fluid Distilled From It Heals and Soothes the Skin.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, on stony hillsides and in waste places grows a small common prickly cedar tree (see picture) that scientists call Juniperus Oxycedrus. From the heart-wood of this tree is distilled a brownish liquid having a distinct odour somewhat resembling tar. For hundreds of years the peasants of Spain, France and Northern Africa have used this fluid to cure skin diseases both of men and of sheep, horses and other domestic animals. In more recent times this fluid was given the name of Oil of Cade, and the Medical Profession throughout the world employed it in treating eczema and many other skin troubles. It possesses remarkable healing, soothing and curative properties when applied to the skin, and seems to have been intended by Nature for this particular purpose. Oil of Cade, combined with other beneficial drugs, is used in making Cadum Ointment, the new skin remedy. It stops itching as soon as applied and begins the healing process immediately. Probably the brownish fluid from this remarkable tree is the very thing your skin requires to be made smooth and well. If you have pimples, eczema or skin irritations of any kind, get a 1s. 3d. box of Cadum Ointment to-day from your Chemist—(Advtd.)



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI. (164th-5th) New Musical Play, TINA. To-day, 8.30 and 11. Mat. 2.30. Tel. 2645 Gen. Adm. Don't you know EVE? 7.1

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Grand Opera Season. MAGIO FLUTE. Saturday night. MADAM BUTTERFLY. Mon. at 8. MAGIO FLUTE Tues. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Wed. LA HONTE. Thurs. N. Performance Good Friday. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Sat. Mat. MADAM BUTTERFLY. Sat. Evg. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Curr. 231s.

AMBRASSARDS. 3rd Edition of "MORE," by H. Grattan. Evg. 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sat. at 3.30.

APOLLO. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. (Last Week.) THE MERRY MEN OF HONOLULU. 8.15. Matinee, Thurs. and Sat. at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. LAST WEEK. SECOND EDITOR. (SHEPHERD OUT!) by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mat. at 5.15.

Other Amusements on page 11.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

Changed Views.

AS a member of the Cabinet Committee on Recruiting, Mr. Austen Chamberlain is the centre of a good deal of interest among politicians just now. Before the war was a strong anti-compulsionist, but I'm told that his views have now very considerably changed. Mr. McKenna, also on the Committee, is a thorough-going "anti," but he's thinking about the number of people who are going to be left behind to pay his new taxes.

Really to Come Off.

You may take it that the railway ticket tax is really coming off, but however much a Chancellor has made up his mind to rescind one of his proposals it is a little tradition that he does it by degrees and so makes the concession seem all the greater. A Chancellor usually does a little window-dressing in the way of putting into a Budget one or two things he is prepared to take out again. The ticket tax is an instance.

Our French Visitors.

The visit of the French Deputies and Senators to the House of Commons yesterday excited great interest at Westminster. The visitors packed the distinguished strangers' galleries, and the "overflow" were accommodated with seats beneath. The French parliamentarians had hardly settled down when Sir Edward Grey rose to answer three questions on the paper. Our Foreign Minister's appearance at the table seemed to greatly interest them.

"Cheerful" Charlie.

Everyone who knows him seems to be glad that Captain Bathurst, M.P., is going to organise the soldiers' colonies under the Government land scheme. He's a sound, sterling and very human man, but to hear him in the House you'd imagine he was one of the glummiest and most dejected men in the world. That's why he's invariably known at Westminster as "Cheerful Charlie."

Sent Peers to Sleep.

Not for many years has a speech in the House of Lords exercised such a soporific effect upon that distinguished assembly as that delivered by Lord Courtney of Penwith last night. Throughout the greater part of the octogenarian's hour's harangue three Ministers slept soundly, while half a dozen noble heads could be seen nodding in other parts of the Chamber.

An Earl's Bride.

The recently wedded Earl Russell, all smiles, brought his bride to hear the debate, but after forty-five minutes of Lord Courtney's heavy oratory the couple fled. The Countess wore a large black hat, a black costume and white kid gloves. She is decidedly pretty.

Lord Morley's Note.

The venerable Lord Morley of Blackburn, in spite of his seventy-seven years, looked in the pink of health and spirits. I noticed that during Lord Courtney's speech he scribbled a little note to his immediate neighbour, Lord Middleton, who handed him a pencilled reply. Then both laughed heartily. But it took them some time to read each other's writing!

A Youthful Viceregal Court.

Now that Lord and Lady Chelmsford have taken up their duties in India, I hear that Lady Chelmsford intends to make the Viceregal Court as interesting as possible for young people. She has two sons and four girls, so that any number of juvenile festivities may confidently be looked forward to.



Lady Chelmsford.

She has collected for our "Tommy's." They number over half a million, and without being too bulky they enable the soldier to carry with him all those little mementoes of home so dear to the "Tommy's" heart.

Collection of Bags.

Lady Smith-Dorrien, the wife of one of our most popular generals, has probably beaten the record, as far as numbers go, in the bags she has collected for our "Tommy's." They number over half a million, and without being too bulky they enable the soldier to carry with him all those little mementoes of home so dear to the "Tommy's" heart.

A Portrait Academy.

In the Chelsea studios they say that there will be more portraits than usual at the Academy this year. Most of the people of the year will be there. Among others, I hear, there will be a portrait of Lord Derby by Mr. John Lavery.

Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham.

I noticed how remarkably well Sir Charles Wyndham looked at yesterday's New Theatre matinee. He was sitting in a box with his new-made bride, who looked delightful in a navy cloth gown down whose surface rows of little gold buttons were dropping. Everyone came to offer congratulations on this their first public appearance since their marriage has become generally known. Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Dion Boucault were frequent visitors to their box.

"Toto" Starts Well.

"Toto," Miss Gladys Unger's new musical comedy that is coming to the Duke of York's Theatre next Wednesday, has had a most successful send-off at Plymouth, where it is getting into its stride, so to speak, this week. A friend of mine in the company told me on the telephone yesterday that the first night "went great."

Something's Coming.

I have heard great accounts of the play, Mr. Archibald Joyce, of waltz fame, and Mr. Merlin Morgan are responsible for the music.



Miss Mabel Russel.

and Miss Mabel Russel plays the name part, and there is a strong cast. I hear the management has an amusing something up its sleeve for London next week. But of that more later.

The Wily Scot.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh thinks it very necessary, in these days of "funds" and "relief," that a lookout should be kept for impostors. I heard him tell a delightful story of a crafty Scotsman who was in the care of three different Churches in Scotland. "When he died," said Lord Balfour, "each Church turned up with a coffin!"

Not Thrown.

Eight-year-old Harold was learning to ride, and one day, as a special treat, he was allowed to take the pony round to his grandmother's house. On his arrival he was asked if Dobbin had thrown him off yet. "No," was the reply. "he hasn't thrown me off, but once he backed out from under me."

Champion Sprinter.

Twelve months ago we were all hoping that Friar Marcus would win the Derby, but he failed so badly in the Guineas that he was not even entered for the Newmarket substitute. Still, he won the only two races in which the King's colours were successful last year, and yesterday's victory stamps him as a champion sprinter.

He Didn't.

One of our popular revue writers is still chuckling over a little incident that occurred the other day. A lady professed to be a great admirer of one of his songs—only she could not remember the title. He went through a list of all his biggest hits, but she did not recognise the song. At last, growing impatient, he said ironically: "It wasn't 'Rule, Britannia,' I suppose?" She beamed on him and exclaimed with fresh admiration: "Oh, I never knew you wrote that!"

Goddess on an Omnibus.

I saw one of the new women conductors do a kindly act in the darkness of the top of an omnibus last night. A soldier, his kit still muddy with the soil of Flanders, gave her his fare. She proceeded to count out his change. "What for, Mary?" asked the "Tommy." "I only gave you a penny." Her answer came quickly. "Not likely, and you need it worse than I do." She caught his rough hand and made him feel the milled edge of the coin. It was a half-crown.

Lady Cynthia Colville.

One of the most earnest war workers I have met is Lady Cynthia Colville, Lord Crewe's daughter. She makes infant welfare her special field of activity, and wants to see a great increase in the schools for mothers which are springing up all over the country. "The most pressing of all social problems," Lady Cynthia calls it.

Not Stolen.

When Lady Randolph Churchill's house was burgled the other day the thieves did not take away the odd bracelet she generally wears on her right arm. It is shaped like a snake and, unwound, may be a couple of feet in length. It is of greenish gold, with bronze spots on it, and startlingly life-like in appearance. The head of the serpent is of green enamel, with ruby eyes and a ruby tongue. What its origin may be Colonel Churchill's clever mother has never revealed.

Sir George in Quest of a House.

Have you a nice house you don't want for, say, the "period of the war"? If you have, I am told, Sir George Franklin will be glad to borrow it as a guest-house for brave nurses who come home for a short rest from their dangerous work at the fronts. It would be a sort of annex to Queen Mary's Hostel, already more than full.

War Mansions Paradox.

Isn't it curious, by the way, that houses which were so plentiful for war work eighteen months ago, when fewer were needed, are now extremely scarce? To my knowledge, in the earlier stages of the war, dozens of mansions were offered—and often declined—for war funds, hostels, and voluntary organisations.

Anzac Day.

On April 25, which is Easter Tuesday, the Australasian in London will celebrate the first anniversary of the glorious landing at Anzac Cove. A memorial service in Westminster Abbey, a dinner at which Mr. Hughes will address the men, and an evening concert are among the functions proposed.

Sailor M.P.

In a bronzed and cheerful-looking sailorman I met in Whitehall yesterday I recognised Lieutenant-Commander B. M. Eyres-Monsell, South Worcester-shire's member, who is home on short leave from the Fleet. He looks happy enough in his old profession, to which he returned from the emergency list at the outbreak of war. Lieutenant Eyres-Monsell, as he used to be, was a torpedo expert.

The Wimbledon Election.

The chances of a contest in the Wimbledon Division, where Mr. Chaplin's elevation to the Peers leaves a vacancy, grow less. In any circumstances the fight would be a tough one, and, with only a week to fight in, he would be a bold Independent candidate indeed who would undertake the task.

A Coming Barrie Play.

Sir James Barrie apparently "throws off" playlets with ease. I heard yesterday of one which is to be played at the big matinee on June 9, and deals with high life below stairs. Miss Gina Palmer is to be a servant and Sir George Alexander a valet.

"Charity" is "Off."

I hear that several alterations are likely in the scheme as it was outlined by Mr. Walter Long for the relief of married soldiers' responsibilities. The chief will probably be the elimination of any idea of charitable assistance.

Re-enter "La Metropole."


I am glad to see the reappearance of *La Metropole*, the famous Antwerp paper, whose home has been in London since the early days of the war. This journal has been in abeyance for some weeks, but it is published now as a bright four-page sheet. Good luck to it! THE RAMBLER.

Beautiful
EASTER MUSIC
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NO FESTIVAL has called forth such exquisite music as Easter; it has ever been an inspiration to great composers. And no less in the rendering is this influence felt; the simple Easter Hymn and the great Oratorio have power to strike a chord within each one of us as nothing else can. This glorious Easter music is "recorded" in perfect tonal purity on 'His Master's Voice' Records by the greatest artists and most famous Choirs, and there can be nothing at this season so desirable as the hearing of it in the peace of the home.

ASK OUR DEALERS
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FRIAR MARCUS WINS.

Narrow Victory for the King's Colt in Crawford Plate.

Friar Marcus gained the first royal victory of the season yesterday when he won the Crawford Plate after a great finish with Jameson. The pair ran neck and neck from the Dip, and in the last few strides the King's colt got up to win by a head.

The royal colours were carried in several other races during the day, but neither Jungle Cock nor Alexander managed to get placed, and Marconi was beaten by the outsider Aberdare.

Robinson, the trainer of Aberdare, sent out two other winners in Hall Hoop and Fleetwood, both the property of Mr. Mallaby-Deeley. Selections for this afternoon are appended—

2.0.—BODENHAM.

2.30.—ASSURANCE F.

2.0.—SALADRA.

2.30.—JOHNIE H.

4.0.—FOOTMAN.

4.30.—MILITARY.

5.0.—RUSSETT.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

* FOOTMAN and JOHNIE H.

BOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—LONG COURSE PLATE. 11m.—RAGTIME KING (7.4, Jennings); 1, Fortycot (6.1), 2, Gravelotte (5.2), 3, Carriage (5.1), 4, Gladys (5.1), 5, Tanfani (5.1), 6, (100.8).

2.30.—VISITORS PLATE. 5l.—HIGHWAYSIDE (10.6, Whalley); 1, Winnaretta (10.8), 2, Queen of the Sea (10.7), 3, Also ran: Siller (7.2), Bedpred (9.2), Delanacord (6.1), Eagle's Nest (6.1), Jangle Coot, Primrose (10.8), Nankeen (10.7), Vale Rock, Clever Dick, King's Aig (10.8), Garde-a, Sobraja, Parva, Cactix and Cleopatra (10.6).

4.0.—CRAWFORD PLATE. 5l.—FRIAR MARCUS (11.9, Jones); 1, Jameson (10.1), 2, Duke Domani (6.1), 3, Also ran: Vankie (9.2), Ed King, Calder Vale (10.1), Blue Stone, St. Albine, Rancette and Francis (10.7).

4.30.—FITZWILLIAM STAKES. 3l.—FLEETWOOD (3.1, Wheatley); 1, Tagamir (2.1), 2, Red (7.1), 3, Also ran: Barchester (6.1), Sippet (6.1), Alexander, Quick Thrust, Palmer, N. Clonard, Clonard, Friches, Evellita and St. Amor (10.1).

4.0.—SEILING STAKES. 3l.—ABERDARE (10.1, Whalley); 1, Matron (6.1), 2, The Viking (10.1), 3, Also ran: Analogy (5.4), Reining Star (3.1), Canobie and Carlton (10.1).

4.30.—ASHLEY PLATE. 5l.—HALF HOOP (11.10, Wheatley); 1, Simon's Day (10.0), 2, Gold Rose (6.1), 3, Also ran: All Silk (10.1), Fair Relative (10.7), Sybil Grey, Cobbold, Noble Simon, Donna Christina, Speedy C, St. Virgile, Atatcha, Uncanny, Irish Countess, Deer Play and Fenian (10.8).

5.0.—APPRENTICES PLATE. 11m.—ELEVATOR (7.2, Palmer); 1, Sarson (8.1), 2, Ampleforth (5.1), 3, Also ran: Kinkbell (9.2), Waterford (7.1), Valour, Carlos (10.1), Sir Arcton, The Nab, Meadowcroft, Caston, Vase Vertas, Van Der Hum, Soon, Chromme and H. H. (10.7).

NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

2.0.—A THREE-YEAR-OLD (S). PLATE, 200 sovs; 6l. 1, alachlor of Arts (7.1), 2, asir Amys (8.7), 3, asir Amys (8.7), 4, asir Amys (8.7), 5, asir Amys (8.7), 6, asir Amys (8.7), 7, asir Amys (8.7), 8, asir Amys (8.7), 9, asir Amys (8.7), 10, asir Amys (8.7), 11, asir Amys (8.7), 12, asir Amys (8.7), 13, asir Amys (8.7), 14, asir Amys (8.7), 15, asir Amys (8.7), 16, asir Amys (8.7), 17, asir Amys (8.7), 18, asir Amys (8.7), 19, asir Amys (8.7), 20, asir Amys (8.7), 21, asir Amys (8.7), 22, asir Amys (8.7), 23, asir Amys (8.7), 24, asir Amys (8.7), 25, asir Amys (8.7), 26, asir Amys (8.7), 27, asir Amys (8.7), 28, asir Amys (8.7), 29, asir Amys (8.7), 30, asir Amys (8.7), 31, asir Amys (8.7), 32, asir Amys (8.7), 33, asir Amys (8.7), 34, asir Amys (8.7), 35, asir Amys (8.7), 36, asir Amys (8.7), 37, asir Amys (8.7), 38, asir Amys (8.7), 39, asir Amys (8.7), 40, asir Amys (8.7), 41, asir Amys (8.7), 42, asir Amys (8.7), 43, asir Amys (8.7), 44, asir Amys (8.7), 45, asir Amys (8.7), 46, asir Amys (8.7), 47, asir Amys 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That Coming Invasion: By Mr. Bottomley, in "Sunday Pictorial"

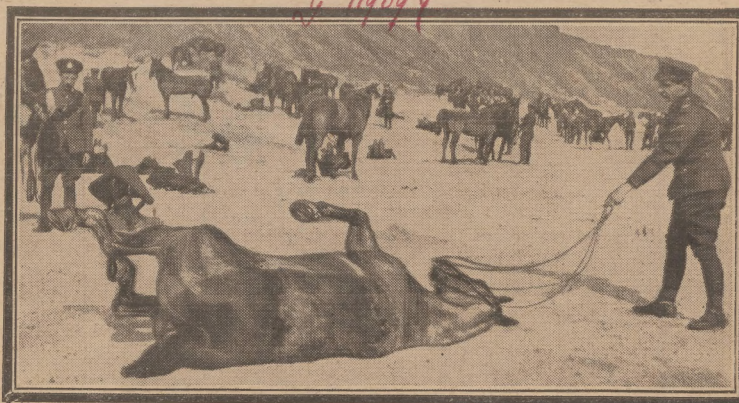
Daily Mirror

A GIANT FROM CANADA.



Sapper T. G. Bruce (nearest camera), a Canadian, who is 6ft. 8½in. in height, out for a walk in Regent's Park yesterday. His friend is also a very tall man.

AN ARMY HORSE ENJOYING A SAND BATH.



The day's work over, they are taken to the beach, where, with saddles and harness removed, they can roll in the soft sand to their hearts' content.

LONDON TERRITORIALS WHO HAVE WON THE D.C.M.



Lance-Corporal C. A. Mattock, of Peckham, mowed down the enemy with a machine gun. He showed great initiative.



Lance-Corporal J. A. V. Hodge, of Bow, wiped out a whole party of Germans with a machine gun after a mine explosion.



Private E. Michael, of Bethnal Green, who showed great skill in maintaining communications and carried messages under fire.



Private F. W. N. Watts, who dragged a wounded man to a place of safety in full view of the enemy and tended him under fire.

£10,000 FILM FEE.



Mme. Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, who has received the highest fee ever paid to a cinema actress. It amounts to £10,000 and half interest in the film.—(Claude Harris.)

ZEPP SAVES HIS MOTHER.



Puppy which escaped from a house on the coast when it was destroyed by a bomb. In the street he met several men, and, in doggie fashion, explained that he wanted them at his home. Here he scratched at some debris, with the result that his mother was dug out unhurt. And some unkind person has named him Zepp.

AIRMAN'S FATE.



Lieutenant G. J. L. Welford (Royal Flying Corps), officially reported missing and now unofficially reported killed.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING IN LONDON.



Lieutenant C. Dickinson, who is home on leave from the front, was married at Marylebone Parish Church yesterday to Mlle. Suzanne Estelle. The photograph shows the bridal procession leaving the church.